

A Fawcett Publication

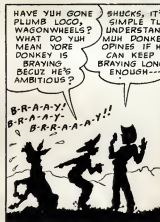
LASH LARUE

WESTERN

MAY
10¢
NO. 5



IN THIS ISSUE:
**THE
RUSTLER'S
HAVEN!**





LASH LaRUE WESTERN

Executive Editor
WILL LIEBERSON

Editor
C. V. WOODS

Art Editor
AL JETTER

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • LASH LaRUE WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS
WHIZ COMICS • WESTERN HERO • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GABBY HAYES WESTERN
CAPT. MARVEL JR. • MASTER COMICS • TOM MIX WESTERN • MONTE HALE WESTERN • HOPALONG CASSIDY
ROD CAMERON WESTERN • BILL BOYD WESTERN • SIX-GUN HEROES • SMILEY BURNETTE WESTERN

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President

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99

Lash LARUE

IN
"BLACKED OUT!"

IN THE DAYS OF THE OLD WEST, THERE WAS ONE MAN WHO WAS ALWAYS PRESENT IN PEOPLES' MINDS WHEN THEY SPOKE OF GREAT DEFENDERS OF THE LAW, COURAGEOUS CRUSADERS AGAINST EVIL AND FEARLESS FOES OF THE PRAIRIE BADMEN! THAT MAN WAS **LASH LARUE**, THE HARD-RIDING, TWO-GUN, WHIP-WIELDING ROVING MARSHAL! YES, THE FIGHTING FIGURE OF LASH WAS A FAR CRY FROM THE SEEMINGLY LIFELESS BODY OF THE ROVING MARSHAL FOUND LYING ON THE PRAIRIE PLAINS SURROUNDED BY HUNGRY BUZZARDS!

IS LASH LARUE DEAD?



NO! NOT QUITE! THERE IS STILL A LITTLE LIFE LEFT IN THE FAMOUS ROVING MARSHAL!



OH, MY HEAD!
WHERE AM I?

THE LAST I REMEMBER I WAS IN PRAIRIE GULCH! HOW'D I GET HERE? I DON'T REMEMBER BEING BUSHWACKED OR EVEN KNOCKED OUT IN A FIGHT! I DON'T EVEN SEE MY HORSE, BLACK DIAMOND, AROUND!



THE ONLY THING FOR ME TO DO IS GET BACK TO PRAIRIE GULCH! MAYBE MY MEMORY WILL RETURN WHILE I'M THERE!



THERE'S THE STAGECOACH HEADING FOR PRAIRIE GULCH NOW! BUT BY THE TIME I COULD RUN DOWN THE PATH LEADING BELOW, IT'D BE GONE, SO...



...I'LL HAVE TO TRY THIS SHORT CUT!



PLOP!

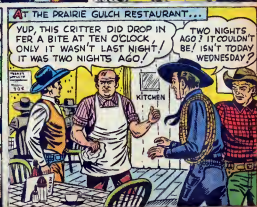
HUH? A BANDIT!



TAKE IT EASY, PARDNER! I'M NO HIGHWAYMAN! IF YOU LOOK THROUGH MY POCKETS YOU'LL FIND MY CREDENTIALS! I'M LASH LARUE, A ROVING MARSHAL!

LASH LARUE?





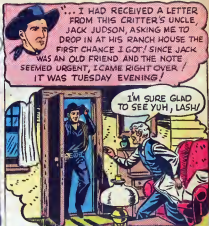


BUT IT CAN'T BE! A WHOLE DAY JUST DOESN'T DISAPPEAR! THE LAST THING I CAN REMEMBER IS COMING IN HERE FOR A BITE AND THAT WAS TUESDAY NIGHT!



ARE YOU SURE YOU CAN'T REMEMBER ATHING YOU DID WEDNESDAY?

NOT A THING! ALL I CAN RECALL IS THAT...



... I HAD RECEIVED A LETTER FROM THIS CRITTER'S UNCLE, JACK JUDSON, ASKING ME TO DROP IN AT HIS RANCH HOUSE THE FIRST CHANCE I GOT! SINCE JACK WAS AN OLD FRIEND AND THE NOTE SEEMED URGENT, I CAME RIGHT OVER! IT WAS TUESDAY EVENING!

I'M SURE GLAD TO SEE YUH, LASH!

AS YUH KNOW, LASH, I'M ALONE IN THE WORLD 'EXCEPT FER MY ONE NEPHEW, DAN, WHO'S TURNED OUT TO BE ANYTHING BUT WHAT I HOPED! I TRIED TO MAKE A DOCTOR OUT OF HIM, BUT HE FLUNKED OUT OF MEDICAL SCHOOL! AND NOW, SINCE HE'S BACK...

... HE KEEPS BORROWING MONEY FROM ME TO INVEST IN A BUSINESS! BUT WHEN I ASK HIM WHAT KIND OF A BUSINESS IT IS, HE TELLS ME HE CAN'T SAY YET! I SUSPECT HE'S GAMBLING WITH THE MONEY!

BUT WHAT CAN I DO? THERE'S NO LAW AGAINST GAMBLING, JACK!

I KNOW THAT, LASH! BUT I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT IF IT'S THE TRUTH! SINCE HE DOESN'T KNOW YUH, YUH COULD CATCH HIM OFF GUARD! IF HE IS WASTING ALL HIS TIME AND MY MONEY GAMBLING, I'LL THROW HIM OFF THE RANCH AND CUT HIM OUT OF MY WILL WITHOUT A CENT!



THERE HE GOES NOW, LASH! WILL YUH FOLLOW HIM FER ME?

OKAY, JACK, I'LL DO IT FOR YOU, FOR OLD-TIMES SAKE!



"WELL, I FOLLOWED DAN JUDSON JUST LIKE HIS UNCLE JACK HAD ASKED ME TO! THE TRAIL LED STRAIGHT TO THE PRAIRIE GULCH GAMBLING CASINO..."

YUH LOSE AGAIN, JUDSON!

THAT CLEANS ME OUT! BUT I'LL BE BACK TOMORROW NIGHT AFTER I GET MY UNCLE TO SHELL OUT SOME MORE DOUGH!

I DOUBT THAT, AFTER I GO BACK AND TELL HIM WHAT I SAW!



AFTER I RETURNED TO THE RANCH AND TOLD JUDSON THE NEWS ABOUT HIS NEPHEW, I LEFT. I DIDN'T WANT TO BE INVOLVED IN THE FAMILY ARGUMENT WHICH WAS BOUND TO START AS SOON AS DAN RETURNED AND FOUND OUT THAT HIS UNCLE WAS GOING TO CUT HIM OUT OF HIS WILL!

"I RODE BACK TO TOWN AND SINCE I WAS HUNGRY I DECIDED TO DROP IN FOR A BITE AT THE FIRST RESTAURANT I FOUND OPEN. IT WAS DUSTER'S FOOD SHOP...

"I STARTED TO EAT AND SUDDENLY I FELT DIZZY..."

I SUDDENLY FEEL DIZZY! I...!

HOW ABOUT SOME CHOW, PARDNER?

IT'S TEN O'CLOCK AND I WAS CLOSING UP, BUT ALL RIGHT! HAVE A SEAT!

TODAY'S SPECIAL
HAM & EGGS
50¢

TODAY'S SPECIAL
HAM & EGGS
50¢



THE NEXT THING I REMEMBER, I WOKE UP ON THE PLAINS OUTSIDE OF PRAIRIE GULCH. I CAN'T RECALL ANYTHING I DID SINCE TUESDAY NIGHT WHEN I ENTERED DUSTER'S RESTAURANT AT TEN O'CLOCK FOR SOMETHING TO EAT!

I'LL TELL YUH, ONE THING YOU DID! YUH RUSHED INTO MY UNCLE'S RANCH HOUSE LIKE A MAD DOG AND DEMANDED THAT HE PAY YUH FOR FOLLOWING ME! WHEN HE REFUSED, YUH SHOT HIM DOWN IN COLD BLOOD!



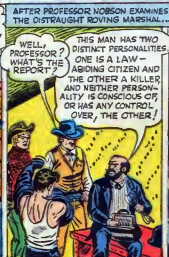
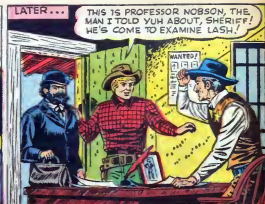
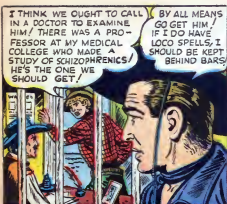
I'M AFRAID THINGS LOOK BAD FER YUH, LASH, SINCE YUH CAIN'T ACCOUNT FER YORE WHEREABOUTS YESTERDAY!

WHY DON'T YOU CALL THE CHIEF MARSHAL? HE'LL VOUCH FOR MY CHARACTER!

I'M NOT SAYING YO'RE NOT A GOOD HOMBRE WHILE YO'RE CONSCIOUS AND KNOW WHAT YO'RE DOING! BUT YUH MAY BE ONE OF THOSE DUAL PERSONALITY PEOPLE I STUDIED ABOUT WHEN I WAS IN MEDICAL SCHOOL...

...AND DURING THOSE PERIODS, YO'RE OTHER CHARACTER MAY TAKE OVER AND MAKE YUH COMMIT MURDERS!





A FEW WEEKS PASS AND...

THE DOCTOR
WANTS TO SEE
YOU, LASH!

INSANE
ASYLUM

HERE HE IS,
DOCTOR!

YES
SIR

YOUR CASE PUZZLES ME LASH / I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU EVER SINCE YOU FIRST CAME HERE AND I CAN'T FIND A SINGLE THING WRONG WITH YOU /

TO LIKE TO TAKE YOU ALONG
TO THE ORIGINAL DOCTOR WHO
EXAMINED YOU AND FIND
OUT ON WHAT HE BASED
HIS DIAGNOSIS!

MY TROUBLE SEEMS TO BE THAT I'M SANE SOME TIMES AND CRAZY OTHERS! DAN JUDSON SWORE I KILLED HIS UNCLE, BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER A THING ABOUT IT!

DO YOU REMEMBER
THE DOCTOR'S
NAME?

YES! HIS NAME IS
PROFESSOR NOBSON
AND HE TEACHES
AT THE STATE
MEDICAL SCHOOL!

SHORTLY AFTER...

IT SURE FEELS GOOD TO BE BACK
RIDING ON YOU AGAIN, BLACK DIAMOND...
— EVEN IF IT'S ONLY FOR A LITTLE —

LATER, WHEN THEY REACH THEIR DESTINATION...

I'M SORRY, SIR,
BUT THERE ISN'T
AND NEVER HAS
BEEN ANY PRO-
FESSOR NOBSON
AT THIS
SCHOOL.

LASH, ARE YOU SURE THIS IS WHERE THE PROFESSOR CAME FROM?

THAT'S WHAT
DAN JUDSON
SAID.

WAIT A MINUTE! WHEN I FIRST SAW THE DOCTOR I THOUGHT I HAD SEEN HIM BEFORE! NOW I THINK I KNOW WHERE!

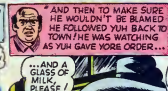
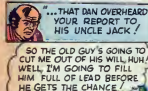
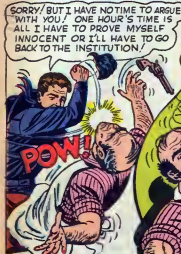
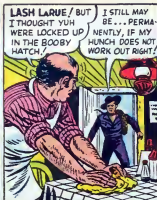
LOOK, DOCTOR, YOU SAID BEFORE THAT YOU DIDN'T THINK THERE WAS ANYTHING WRONG WITH ME. NOW I'M SURE OF IT, TOO! LET ME GO FOR JUST ONE HOUR AND I'M SURE I CAN FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED ON THAT MISSING DAY IN MY LIFE. THIS IS HIGHLY IRREGULAR...

THIS IS
HIGHLY
IRREGULAR...

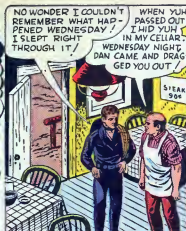
...BUT I THINK I'M
A GOOD ENOUGH
DOCTOR TO RECO-
GNIZE A SANE
MAN WHEN I
SEE ONE!
OKAY, YOU
CAN GO!

THANKS,
DOCTOR!
I'LL NEVER
FORGET YOU
FOR THIS!
GO, BLACK
DIAMOND!

MEDICAL SCHOOL



LASH LARUE WESTERN



I'M NOT TAKING ANY MORE CHANCES WITH YOU! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS SHOOT YUH AND WHEN THEY FIND YORE DEAD BODY IN HYAR WITH THE UNCONSCIOUS LARUE, THEY'RE BOUND TO THINK HE HAD ANOTHER CRAZY SPELL AND BLAME HIM FOR YORE DEATH, TOO!



BUT THE BLOW ONLY GRAZED LASH'S HEAD...

DAN'S ABOUT TO MURDER DUSTER AND THEY'RE BOUND TO BLAME THIS ON ME, TOO!



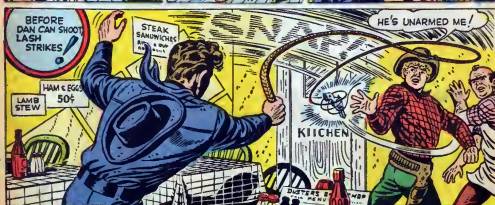
I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST TO SAVE BOTH DUSTER'S LIFE AND MY OWN!



BEFORE DAN CAN SHOOT LASH STRIKES!

HAM & EGGS 50¢
LAMB STEW

STEAK SANDWICHES
SUP. & SHIP BREAD



HE'S UNARMED ME!

MAYBE I CAN STILL GET OUT THE BACK WAY!



ONCE AGAIN LASH'S INIMITABLE SKILL WITH THE BULL WHIP PAYS OFF!

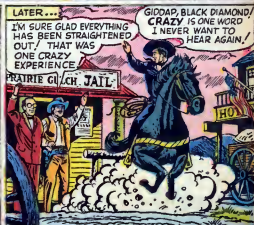


THE ONLY WAY YOU CAN GET OUT OF HERE, DAN, IS TO FIGHT YOUR WAY OUT!

BAM!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT WITH ME, ESPECIALLY IF I CAN GET IN THE FIRST PUNCH!





STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF LASH LARUE, published bi-monthly at Greenwich, Conn., for October 1, 1940.

State of Connecticut 1 ss.
County of Fairfield 1 ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Gordon Fawcett, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of LASH LARUE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, C. V. Woods, Sunnyside, L. I.; Managing Editor, Ralph Deigh, Pelham Manor, N. Y.; Business Manager, Gordon Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.

3. That the owner is: If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given. Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.; W. H. Fawcett, Jr., Norwalk, Conn.; Marion Bagg, Kansas City, Mo.; Roger Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; V. D. Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; M. B. Fawcett, Norwalk, Conn.; H. A. Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; Roscoe Kent Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; M. F. Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; W. H. Fawcett Trust, Greenwich, Conn.; M. B. King, Oxnard, Cal.; Gloria Leary, Oxnard, Cal.; V. F. Kerr, Santa Barbara, Cal.; Mrs. Eva Roberts, Seattle, Wash.; Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.

3 That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: If there are none, so state. None.

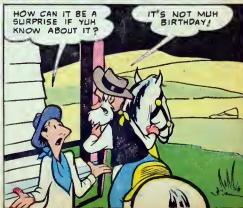
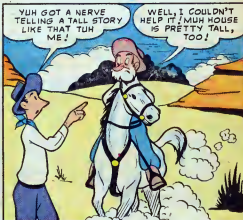
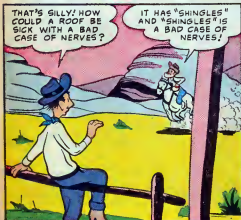
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and

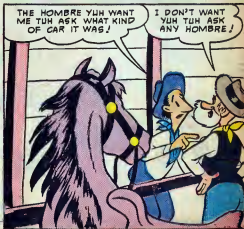
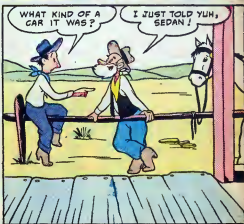
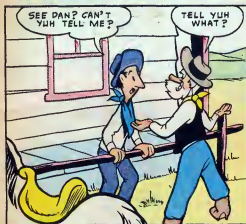
security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

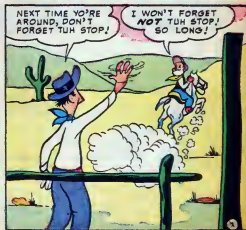
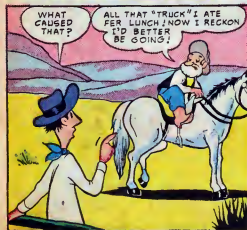
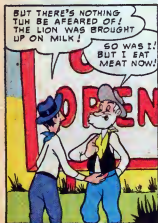
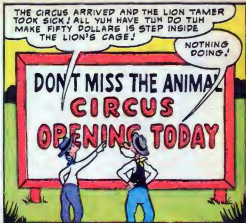
GORDON FAWCETT,
Business Manager.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th day of September, 1940.
(Seal) LILLIAN M. BUSHLEY,
Notary Public.
(My commission expires April 1, 1943.)

DUSTY in THE WRONG ANSWER











AT THE BAR PLENTY RANCH, IN PULVER CITY...



THE NEXT DAY, AT THE CHIEF MARSHAL'S OFFICE ...

...AND NOW I FOUND OUT THAT OLD BILL BROWN, THE OWNER OF THE BAR PLINY RANCH, HAS BEEN KILLED! BIG HUTCH AND HIS GANG OF CATTLE RUSTLERS HAVE GOT TO BE STOPPED!

I'M READY TO START WORKING ON THAT JOB RIGHT NOW, CHIEF! ANY SPECIAL ORDERS?



NO! BUT I THINK YOU OUGHT TO WARN ALL THE CATTLE RANCHERS IN THE VICINITY OF PULVER CITY THAT BIG HUTCH IS AROUND!

OKAY, CHIEF! I'LL DO THAT FIRST WHEN I REACH PULVER CITY! HIT THE TRAIL, BLACK DIAMOND!



LATER, IN PULVER CITY ...

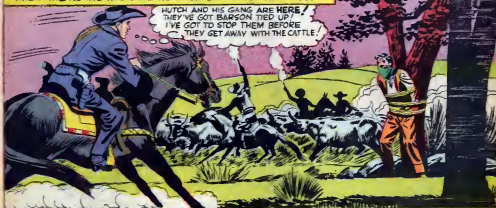
THANKS FOR THE WARNING, LASH! I CERTAINLY WILL BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR BIG HUTCH AND HIS RUSTLERS!

GOOD TURNBULL! LET'S GO, BLACK DIAMOND! THERE'S STILL ONE MORE CATTLE RANCHER WE HAVE TO WARN ... JACK BARSON!



WHEN THE ROVING MARSHAL REACHES BARSON'S RANCH ...

HUTCH AND HIS GANG ARE HERE! THEY'VE GOT BARSON TIED UP! I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM BEFORE THEY GET AWAY WITH THE CATTLE!



BUT THE OUTLAW'S SPOT LASH AS HE RIDES IN ON THEM!

THERE ARE TOO MANY FOR ME TO FIGHT OUT IN THE OPEN!



WE'VE GOT TO TAKE COVER, BLACK DIAMOND!



THAT HOMBRE IS TAKING COVER BEHIND THAT TREE! SURROUND THE TREE, MEN!



BUT AS HUTCH'S HOODLUMS START TO SURROUND LASH...

HE WHIPPED OUR GUNS RIGHT OUT OF OUR HANDS!

NOW I KNOW WHO HE IS... IT'S THE ROVING MARSHAL, LASH LARUE! HE'S A DEMON WITH A BULLWHIP! LETS VAMOOSE!

BUT WE HAVE NO GUNS. WE'LL CATCH US!



NOT IF WE STAMPEDE THESE CATTLE! THEY'LL TRAMPLE BARSON TO DEATH! WE'LL HAVE TO ROUND THEM UP AND, MEANWHILE, WE CAN ESCAPE, START KICKING THEM!



THEY'VE STAMPEDED THE CATTLE! THE HERD IS HEADING TOWARD BARSON! THEY'LL KILL HIM! I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM! I'LL JUST HAVE TO FORGET ABOUT CATCHING HUTCH AND HIS MEN FOR THE MOMENT AND...



... CONCENTRATE ON SAVING BARSON... IF IT'S POSSIBLE!



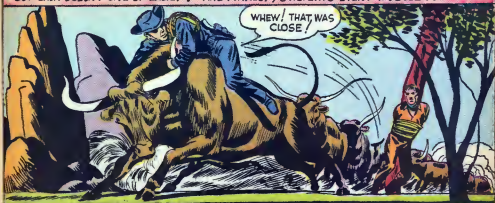
IF I CAN GET THE LEADER TO CHANGE HIS COURSE, THE REST WILL FOLLOW!



I CAN'T BUDGE HIM!



BUT LASH DOESN'T GIVE UP EASILY! AND FINALLY, UTILIZING EVERY MUSCLE...



WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!

AFTER LASH QUIETS THE STAMPEDING HERD!

YUH NOT ONLY SAVED MY CATTLE, LASH, BUT ALSO MY LIFE!

NOW THAT I'M SURE YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, BARSON, I'M GOING AFTER THOSE KILLERS! I HAVE A HUNCH I'LL FIND THEM AT TURNBULL'S RANCH!



THAT'S THE NEAREST CATTLE RANCH TO YOURS AND THOSE WARMINTS PROBABLY THINK WE'LL BE ALL NIGHT ROUNDING UP THE STAMPEDING HERD!



MEANWHILE, AT THE BAR TEN...

I STILL DON'T THINK WE SHOULD TRY TO RUSTLE THE BAR TEN CATTLE WITH LASH LARUE SO CLOSE BY!

I TOLD YUH EVEN IF LASH DOES SHOW UP, I'LL FIND A WAY TO PUT HIM OUT OF COMMISSION!



THAT TAKES CARE OF TURNBULL! ONE OF YUH GO THROUGH THE HOUSE AND PICK UP ALL THE PEACEMAKERS YOU CAN FIND! THE REST OF YUH START ROUNDING UP THE CATTLE! I'VE GOT SOME DIGGING TO DO!



WHEN LASH ARRIVES...

MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT! HUTCH AND HIS RUSTLERS ARE HERE! NOW TO SNEAK UP ON THEM!



SUDDENLY...

HUH? LOOK! IT'S LASH LARUE!

YES! AND HE FELL INTO THE TRAP I DUG FOR HIM!





LASH LARUE WESTERN

BUT AS TURNBULL STARTS TO CLIMB OUT OF THE HOLE...

HEY / WHAT'S THIS / EITHER I'VE GONE PLUMB LOCO OR SOMETHING MOVED UNDER THIS DIRT!



THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT!



IT'S LASH LARUE / THANK GOODNESS HE'S STILL BREATHING!



AFTER THE RANCHER DIGS LASH OUT AND REVIVES HIM...

AFTER BEING BURIED IN THAT PIT, LASH, I DON'T THINK YORE IN ANY CONDITION TO GO AFTER THOSE RUSTLERS!

I'VE GOT TO GO! MY BEST CHANCE OF CATCHING THEM IS TO SPOT THEM BEFORE THEY REACH THEIR HIDE-OUT!



LASH MAKES A RELENTLESS, BUT UNSUCCESSFUL SEARCH OF THE SURROUNDING TERRITORY...

IT'S GETTING TOO DARK TO DO ANY MORE SEARCHING NOW, BLACK DIAMOND! I RECKON THE ONLY THING TO DO IS CAMP OUT HERE UNTIL DAWN AND THEN START LOOKING AGAIN!



AFTER LASH FALLS ASLEEP...

I CAN'T SEE HIS FACE IN THE DARK! I WONDER WHO THIS CRITTER IS?

WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE? HUTCH SAID TO! RUSTLE A HORSE TO TAKE THE PLACE OF THE ONE TURNBULL SHOT AND THIS IS THE FIRST WE'VE SEEN! NOW LET'S GO!



AND WHEN LASH LARUE REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS...

IT MUST HAVE BEEN HUTCH'S GANG WHO KIDNAPPED BLACK DIAMOND TO REPLACE THE HORSE THEY LOST! NOW I'VE GOT TWO REASONS TO GO AFTER THEM! BUT FIRST, I'LL HAVE TO GET BACK TO THE MARSHAL'S OFFICE AND GET ANOTHER HORSE! IT'S A LONG HIKE BUT I DON'T HAVE ANY CHOICE!



MEANWHILE, AT HUTCH'S HIDE-OUT!

LOOK, HUTCH! THAT HORSE WE RUSTLED IS RUNNING AWAY!

LET HIM GO! WE ONLY NEEDED HIM TO GET TO OUR HIDE-OUT! WE'VE GOT LOTS OF EXTRA HORSES N'YAR! NOW, WE HAD BETTER ROUND UP ALL THE CATTLE AND MOVE ON! THIS TERRITORY IS GETTING TOO HOT FER SAFETY!



WHEN LASH REACHES THE CHIEF MARSHAL'S OFFICE...

LASH! WHERE HAVE YUH BEEN? WHEN I SAW BLACK DIAMOND RIDE UP WITHOUT YUH, I BEGAN TO WORRY!

BLACK DIAMOND HERE? IT WASN'T LIKE BLACK DIAMOND TO LET ANYONE BUT ME RIDE HIM, BUT NOW I THINK I KNOW WHY HE DID!



HE WANTED TO SEE WHERE THE RUSTLERS' HIDE-OUT WAS, SO HE COULD LEAD US BACK THERE!

SOMETIMES I THINK YUH GIVE BLACK DIAMOND CREDIT FER HAVING TOO MUCH HORSE SENSE, BUT IT'S A HUNCH WORTH CHECKING! I'LL ROUND UP A POSSE AND WE'LL FOLLOW YUH!

SHORTLY AFTER... AT THE HIDE-OUT...



EVERYTHING'S SET, HUTCH!

OKAY! LET'S GO!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT...

YUH WERE RIGHT, LASH! BLACK DIAMOND DID LEAD US TO THE HIDE-OUT! THERE'S HUTCH AND HIS RUSTLERS NOW!

THEY'VE SPOTTED US! GET YOUR GUNS READY! THEY'RE KILLERS!



BUT THE OUTLAWS AREN'T ANY MATCH FOR THE LAWMEN AND SOON...

WE'VE GOT THE OTHER BANDITS ROUNDED UP, LASH!

GOOD! AND THIS WILL SQUARE ME WITH HUTCH!



LATER, AFTER HUTCH AND HIS MEN ARE BEHIND BARS...

WELL, YOU CERTAINLY CLEANED UP HUTCH AND HIS GANG IN A HURRY, LASH!

THIS IS ONE TIME, CHIEF, WHEN ALL THE CREDIT MUST GO TO BLACK DIAMOND! IF HE HADN'T LED US TO THEIR HIDE-OUT, WE NEVER WOULD HAVE ROUNDED THEM! HE'S THE REAL HERO!



LASH LARUE WESTERN

EMPTY HOLSTER

By Clement Good



DOGIE SPARLING tossed the empty bean can into the air, whipped out his Colt, and put three holes in the tin before it clunked to earth.

"Pretty good? Huh?" His question was addressed to Tex Grange. There was pride in Dogie's voice, yet a certain questioning. He wanted an affirmative answer.

"You can shoot all right," drawled Tex, and Dogie swelled with pride. Dogie was seventeen. Tex Grange was his idol. A word of commendation from Tex meant more to him than a medal from Congress.

"I reckon I'm the second best shot in these parts, next to you, Tex. I reckon I can just about make a six-gun do anything but cook breakfast!"

Tex eyed the youth through slitted lids.

"Hold on, there, Dogie," he said, finally.

"You're not getting proud, are you?"

"Why, no!" laughed Dogie, tossing another can skyward and shooting at it light-heartedly. "I know I'm owing to you for teaching me to shoot so well. And I know I'll never be the man with a gun that you are. But I do all right. Look at that can!"

The can had six holes in it.

Tex Grange yawned.

Seeing the yawn, Dogie holstered his pistol and stepped closer. A puzzled wrinkle showed above his eyebrows.

Tex said, "You are plenty all right as long as Mr. Colt is with you. But suppose he should take a sudden notion to vamoose? He might take a notion to desert you. How much of a man would you be then?"

"Mr. Colt?" Dogie Sparling was puzzled.

"That mighty powerful gun you've got leath-ered-up there," asserted Tex, pointing. "I'll admit that gun can lick any ornery bean can that tries to start something. But suppose you didn't have the gun. Would the bean can lick you?"

Dogie was really puzzled. "Fight a bean can? I don't understand!"

"How would you make out if you didn't have any gun at all?"

"No gun? But everybody out here has a gun! A man without a gun is undressed!"

"Dogie, I haven't been teaching you right. I've taught you the importance of the gun, but I haven't taught you the importance of other things. Character for instance. A gun can jam, or run out of bullets, or fall off a rotted belt, or be taken away. But character can't be taken away. And character, good character, can lick anything. Hand me your cannon."

Baffled but obedient, the boy handed over his six-gun.

"Now," said Tex, "we did pretty good panning today. We got a poke of gold that should be worth something. You take it to town to the bank. And you take it without any help from Mr. Colt."

SAGEBRUSH JACK and his partner Benny, lurking in the purple rocks just above the camp, heard this. Jack nudged Benny with his elbow. It was the kind of break they'd been waiting for. They would be happy to head along the trail and take a poke of gold dust from an unarmed kid. They had planned to hold up the kid, anyway, but if he had no gun it would make it that much simpler.

Jack and Benny crept silently away and went to where their horses were, hidden in a clump of cottonwood trees. They mounted and rode slowly, keeping to the soft turf until they were well away from the camp. Then they cut across toward the trail into town.

Meanwhile, Dogie had placed the gold poke in his saddle bag and had mounted. He took a longing look at his six-gun, lying on a boulder near Tex's feet.

"I'd feel better if I had that along, just for emergencies," he said.

"Nothing doing," Tex asserted firmly. "You've got to learn to walk without your crutch. Now get along and you'll be back before sundown."

Dogie nudged his Palomino into an easy trot

and set off on the down trail toward town. The lack of weight in the holster at his side made him uneasy, but if Tex was determined to have him do it this way, he'd do it. Dogie had unbounded faith in his idol.

He was loping easily through Buzzard Pass when he heard a gravelly voice order, "All right, younker. Grab sky."

For a second Dogie's right hand twitched instinctively toward his holster, but he controlled it in time and raised both hands. Benny and Jack had noticed the movement.

"Lucky you thought better of that, younker," growled Benny. "If you had slapped leather you'd be full of daylight plumb to your ears. Now get down slow and easy like, and don't try anything foolish."

As he dismounted, the two outlaws walked slowly towards him, with their guns ready. Benny said, "Sagebrush, you go and take the gold while I keep him covered." Sagebrush Jack obeyed, stepping swiftly toward the saddlebags.

For the briefest second he was between the boy and the other outlaw. Dogie seized his chance, diving under Jack's gun and tackling his legs. The outlaw was bowled over, and the two were soon a tangled mass of arms and legs, wrestling and pummeling furiously.

BENNY'S gun was ready but he couldn't take a shot without risk of hitting his partner. He ran up and plunged into the battle when he saw that his sidekick seemed to be getting the worst of it. A glancing blow with a pistol butt stunned Dogie momentarily and the two men pinned him down.

Benny sat on the youth and growled, "He's a nervy cayuse. Get the rope, Sagebrush, and we'll fix him so he won't try any more shenanigans."

Sagebrush Jack had taken no more than three steps when a voice drawled, "Freeze, you sidewinders. I've got you covered like a tent."

The outlaws stiffened and raised their hands. "Tex!" cried Dogie.

"That's right," drawled the voice. "Now, kid, you take the artillery away from those sidewinders. Just be careful you don't get between them and me."

Dogie couldn't see Tex, but he could tell his position from the voice. He first took the gun from Benny. He started to put it in his own

holster but Tex yelled, "Uh-uh! Toss it in the brush, yonder."

Reluctantly, Dogie complied. He disposed of Sagebrush Jack's Colt in the same way.

"Now," drawled Tex, "you two owlhoots seemed powerful ready to fight when the pair of you came up with guns against an unarmed kid. I reckon you're cooled off some now."

The outlaws remained sullenly silent. But Benny was edging slowly toward the brush where his gun had been tossed. Dogie was asking, "Should I get the rope and—" when Tex cut in with, "Look out! That hombre aims to get back his sixer."

Dogie whirled and his left fist plunged into Benny's midsection. The man grunted, but slashed back with a pile-driver right that caught the youth high on the cheek bone. Dogie was jarred, but he moved in, shooting a fast one-two at Benny's rock-like chin.

Sagebrush Jack took advantage of the melee to dash behind the fighters. If he could keep them between him and Tex, he figured he might have a chance to dive into the brush for a gun.

Dogie saw him and lunged past the sagging Benny. His bleeding knuckles crashed against Jack's nose. The outlaw went down as if he'd been pole-axed.

Dogie whirled, ready to renew the attack on Benny, and was surprised to see the big man sprawled on the ground. The one-two had kayoed him.

Tex was scrambling down from the rocks with long strides. "I'm proud of you, Dogie," he grinned. "Looks like you can get along pretty well without the air of Mr. Colt."

"Yes," said Dogie ruefully, "as long as you came to my rescue!"

"ILL admit I did kind of amble along behind you to see how you were getting on," agreed Tex. "But I reckon you'd have found a way out by yourself."

"Oh no I wouldn't," asserted Dogie. "I'd have been finished if it wasn't for you and your gun."

"What gun?" drawled Tex.

Dogie's eye popped. For the first time he noticed that Tex's holster was empty. The tall man grinned, "You don't think I'd ask you to do something I wouldn't do myself, do you? It's sometimes good to know that you can get along without the help of Mr. Colt!"

THE END

Lash LARUE and the DIAMONDS of CHANCE

A MURDERED STRANGER! A KILLER AT LARGE!
MISSING DIAMONDS/ LASH LARUE THE ROVING
MARSHAL, MATCHES WITS WITH THE SMARTEST
OUTLAWS UNTIL HE DISCOVERS THE ...
DIAMONDS of CHANCE!



LASH LARUE WESTERN





WHEN THE ROVING MARSHAL REACHES GILBERT'S RANCH HOUSE IN TUXTON POINT...

NOT ONLY DIDN'T ANYONE DELIVER ANY DIAMONDS TO ME, LASH, BUT I NEVER ORDERED ANY! THANKS, MR. GILBERT! THINGS ARE BEGINNING TO GET A LITTLE CLEARER NOW! WHO-EVER MURDERED TEX DICKSON MUST HAVE WRITTEN THE NOTE AND FORGED YOUR NAME TO IT!

BAR-S RANCH
GILBERT

TRYING TO ROB BALDWIN'S STORE WOULD HAVE BEEN TOO DIFFICULT, BUT THIS WAY ALL HE HAD TO DO WAS AMBUSH THE MESSENGER ON HIS WAY TO DELIVER THE DIAMONDS IN RESPONSE TO THAT PHONY NOTE!

I RECKON I SHOULD GO BACK AND TELL BALDWIN THAT HIS DIAMONDS WERE STOLEN!

BUT AS LASH RIDES BACK...

THAT HOMBRE MUST HAVE STARTED FISHING MIGHTY EARLY TO CATCH ALL THOSE FISH BY NOW!

THERE'S SOMETHING PECULIAR ABOUT THAT CRITTER! WHY SHOULD HE HAVE SPENT ALL THAT TIME CATCHING THOSE FISH AND THEN DISCARD THEM?

PLASH!

A PERSON ESCAPING FROM GREEN WOODS BY BOAT WOULD BE JUST ARRIVING HERE ABOUT NOW! I THINK THIS CRITTER WARRANTS FOLLOWING!

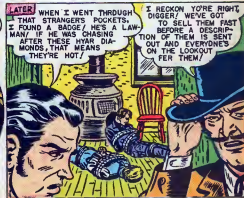
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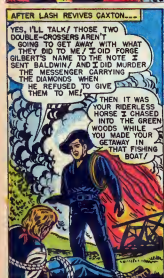
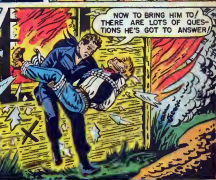
THE TRAIL ENDS HERE! AS SOON AS I HIDE YOU BLACK DIAMOND, I'M GOING TO SEE HOW CLOSE I CAN GET TO THAT SHACK WITHOUT BEING SPOTTED!

MEANWHILE...

THEY'RE BEAUTIES ALL RIGHT, CAXTON! WHERE'D YUH GET THEM?

WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES THAT MAKE! HOW MUCH WILL YUH GIVE ME FER THEM?





BACK AT BALDWIN'S SHOP...

I'M AFRAID I HAVE BAD NEWS FOR YOU, MR. BALDWIN!

LET'S GO IN HYAR WHERE WE CAN TALK IN PRIVATE!



AND AFTER LASH EXPLAINS...

...AND SO I FIGURED IF I COULD AT LEAST GET A DESCRIPTION OF THE STOLEN DIAMONDS IT MIGHT HELP US TO CATCH THE GROOKS!

EXCUSE ME, MR. BALDWIN, BUT THERE ARE TWO MEN OUT FRONT WHO SAY THEY HAVE TO SEE THE BOSS IN A HURRY!

I'LL BE RIGHT BACK, LASH!



YES, SIRS. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

WE WONDER IF YOU'D BE INTERESTED IN BUYING SOME RARE DIAMONDS CHEAP?



WHERE'D YOU GET THESE DIAMONDS?

we buy OLD GOLD

OUR GRANDMOTHER LEFT THEM TO US! WE'RE SO BROKE WE GOTTA SELL 'EM!



HOW MUCH WILL YUH GIVE US FER ALL OF THEM?

I'LL HAVE TO CHECK WITH MY PARTNER! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!



ARE YOU READY TO GIVE ME A DESCRIPTION OF THE STOLEN DIAMONDS, MR. BALDWIN?

I CAN DO BETTER THAN THAT, LARUE! I CAN SHOW YOU THE DIAMONDS! HYAR THEY ARE!



BUT HOW DID YOU GET THEM?



THOSE TWO VARMINTS JUST BROUGHT THEM IN TO SELL!

IT'S THAT LAWMAN AGAIN! BUT I THOUGHT...



NEVER MIND WHAT YOU THOUGHT! START SHOOTING!

BUT THE CROOKS ARE NO MATCH FOR LASH WHO CAN OUTDRAW ANYONE IN THE WEST!



?!?!? QUIZ

SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS:
5. CORRECT, EXCELLENT; 4. CORRECT, GOOD; 3. CORRECT, FAIR; 2. CORRECT, POOR.

1. SOUTH CAROLINA WAS THE NINTH STATE TO RATIFY THE CONSTITUTION.

TRUE ---- FALSE ----



2. DE SOTA LANDED ON THE WEST COAST OF FLORIDA IN 1539.

TRUE ---- FALSE ----



3. THE FIRST DUTCH SETTLERS REACHED MANHATTAN ISLAND IN 1600.

TRUE ---- FALSE ----

4. CHARLES BURTON CREATED THE BABY CARRIAGE.

TRUE ---- FALSE ----



5. THE REGULAR ISSUE OF THREE CENT STAMPS CARRIES LINCOLN'S LIKENESS.

TRUE ---- FALSE ----

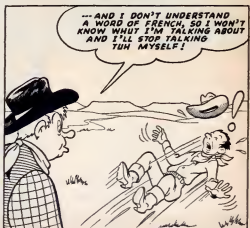
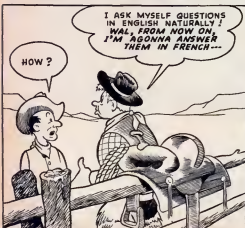
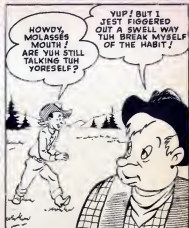
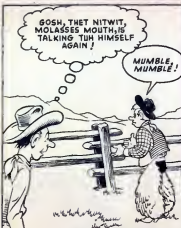


ANSWERS

1. FALSE. IT WAS THE EIGHTH, IN 1788.
2. TRUE.
3. FALSE. IN 1626.
4. TRUE.
5. FALSE. IT'S JEFFERSONS.

MOLASSES MOUTH

ASK NO QUESTIONS!





LASH LaRUE, star of Western Adventure Productions

Ask your favorite theatre for the date they will show the following pictures, starring Lash LaRue.

**OUTLAW COUNTRY
SON OF BILLY THE KID
DEAD MAN'S GOLD
MARK OF THE LASH
FRONTIER REVENGE
SON OF A BAD MAN**

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